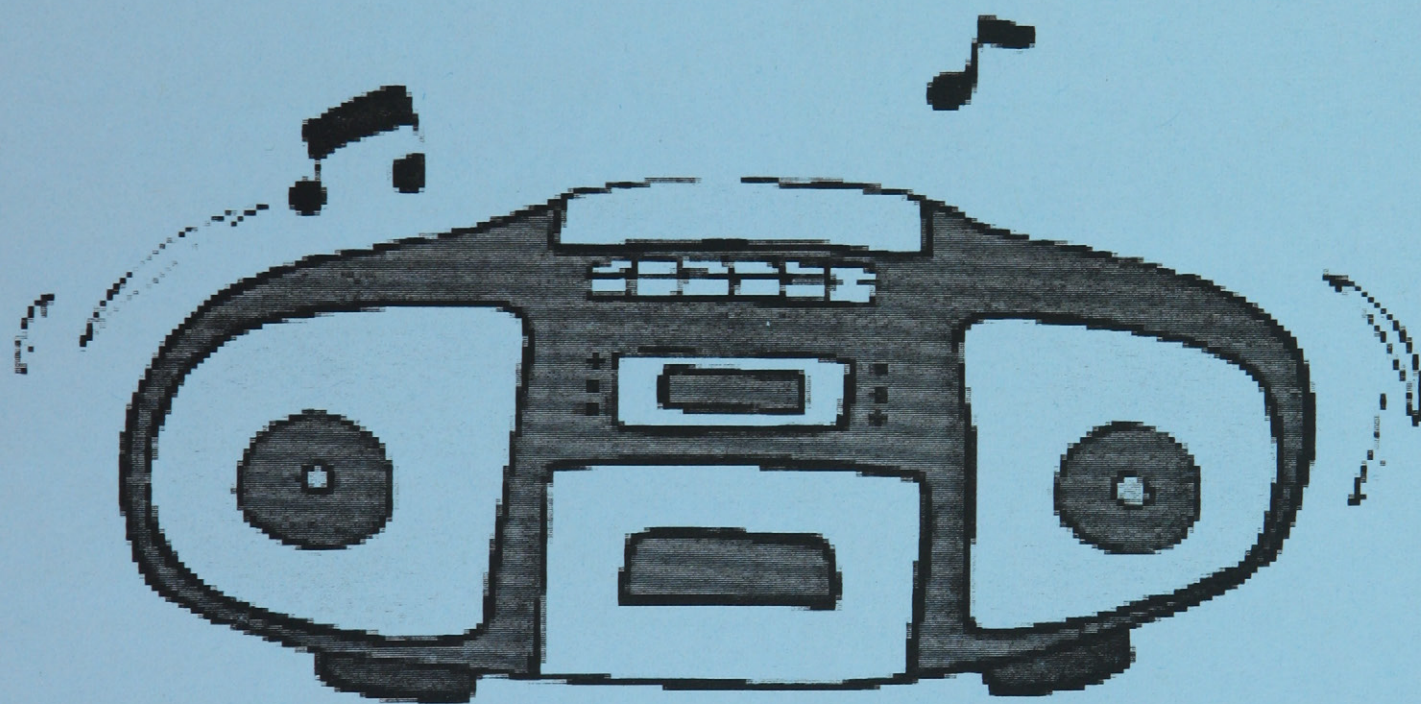


Quid Novi

Music Issue

Faculty of Law
Faculté de droit

McGill University

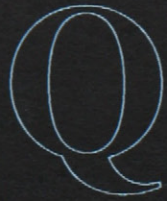


volume 21

no. 7

October 24, 2000 / le 24 octobre, 2000





3661 Peel Street
Montreal, Quebec
H3A 1X1
514-398-4430

Rédacteur-en-chef

LAWNA HURL

Managing Editor

FRANCA SILLA

Associate Editors

VALERIE LEGROS

Rédacteur adjoint

LIZANNE BRUNELLE

Layout Editor

REBECCA HARE

Web Editor

MARTA JUZWIAK

QUID NOVI is published weekly by students at the McGill University Faculty of Law. Production is made possible through the direct support of the students.

All contents copyright 2000
Quid Novi.

Les opinions exprimées sont propres aux auteurs. Toute contribution doit indiquer l'auteur ou son origine et n'est publiée qu'à la discretion du comité de rédaction. Articles peuvent êtres envoyés au quid_novi@hotmail.com

Table of Contents

| | |
|--|----|
| Legal Spins..... | 3 |
| An Ode to Pearl Jam..... | 4 |
| Montreal Rock City..... | 6 |
| Top Ten Albums..... | 8 |
| Dr. Panzonfiah..... | 10 |
| Bridget Jones..... | 11 |
| My Summer in Ecuador..... | 12 |
| Remembering Ronald Reagan..... | 14 |
| The Middle East Crisis..... | 16 |
| R-E-S-P-E-C-T..... | 17 |
| La pauvreté à un sexe et il est féminin..... | 19 |

Dear all,

Holy freaking cow it's October 24!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Guess I have a little bit of reading to catch up on.

There are actually articles about music in here which means that Becky will not jump off of a bridge this week.... but stay tuned. I look for a stong committment to law school in my factum partner.

Lawna

"I said *factum* buddies"

Unfortuntaely Scott Gracie has decided to resign from the Quid. The Quid thanks him for his work and wishes him all the best.

Legal Spins

DiscLex

3

Let me begin by citing a "case comment": Autrefois Acquit has sent me her/his/its top ten album list, and it has some stellar stuff on it. Here it is:

- 1 - The Smiths - Louder Than Bombs
- 2 - Pretenders - Pretenders II
- 3 - That Petrol Emotion - Babble
- 4 - Lone Justice - Shelter
- 5 - Gillian Welch - Hell Among the Yearlings
- 6 - Chris Isaak - Baja Sessions
- 7 - Mary Chapin Carpenter - Stones in the Road
- 8 - Split Enz - Waiata
- 9 - Talking Heads - Talking Heads 77
- 10 - Monkeywalk - More

The Smiths are most definitely timeless (and Morrissey's solo stuff was pretty good too.) Chrissy Hind of the Pretenders has a unique voice. Incidentally, there is a new Pretenders greatest hits package out there, which looks like a lot of "Pretenders I", "II" and "Learning to Crawl". Worth it if you don't know or remember this bad. "Pretenders II" is no doubt their best, as Autrefois has figured out. Don't know a few of the others (Money Walk, Lone Justice and Gillian Welch) so I'll do some surfing and get back to you... Thanks, AA.

This week's review is an obvious pick:

Radiohead

"Kid A" (EMI 200)

Well Radiohead has reached the point where their releases are major events. And the Oxford group has earned it. "Creep" from the "Pablohoney" in the early 90s was a great song. They then got some breaks, touring with PJ Harvey and later REM, whose lead singer Michael Stipe took a fancy to the bands music. (Rumour has it that Radiohead is going to return the favour to Polly Jean, whose career hasn't quite tracked Radiohead's in terms of financial success, but should have... as students of the law, we all know that the world just isn't just!) The next album, 1994's "The Bends" is one of my all-time favourites, never far from the car stereo. The band, especially Thom Yorke and his feathery voice, were now well-ensconced in the alt.rock firmament. Superstardom came with "OK Computer" a couple of years ago. Critical acclaim matched sales; the sheer audacity of putting out a concept album in a digital world won then points across the board. Many reviewers called it the best album of the year.

So the expectations were quite high for "Kid A". And generally the results are quite good. The album is more along the lines of "OK Computer" than their earlier albums. It is generally soft and moody, with a great deal of horns, keyboards, synthesizers, and even a beat box. There are a number of Pink Floyd-ish rhythms and moods, but Yorke's voice, even if a bit nasal, appears infinitely malleable and pleasant than Roger Waters' often harsh vocal chords. There are two overriding impressions or feelings — and this album is about feelings — that are evoked in me by this cd. The first is an overwhelming feeling of texture. The album is replete with overlapping waves and layers of music from different instruments and Yorke's voice. Sometimes a riff, a beat or an interjection. Taken all together, it creates a rather warm vibe, which gets better with each listen. The second is one of harmony from dissonance. Sometimes the various layers seem to be in conflict (on "The National Anthem" for example), but as the sounds seemingly bounce around the walls of the room, there is an underlying unity that emerges from somewhere in the middle of the coffee table. It is a complex and demanding album, no doubt, forcing you to listen carefully, but it has grown on me over the last week.

Highlights on the disc include, "Everything in its Right Place", "How to Disappear Completely" ("I'm Not Here" sticks in your head in particularly boring classes), "Optimistic" (as sense of urgency in the "try the best you can" lyric, and the accompanying riff), "Idioteque" (with its beat box) and "Morning Bell" (perhaps the nicest showcase for Yorke's voice). They all are seamlessly blended.

One minor complaint: complex lyrics, understated vocals and textured songs beg for a lyric sheet. Oh well. This is a strong follow-up to OK Computer": not quite as good, but definitely very, very good.

The Case Brief: An example of what Professor Baker calls "thick, rich description". Let yourself get imbued.

Judgement: 8-1

DiscLex

disclex@hotmail.com

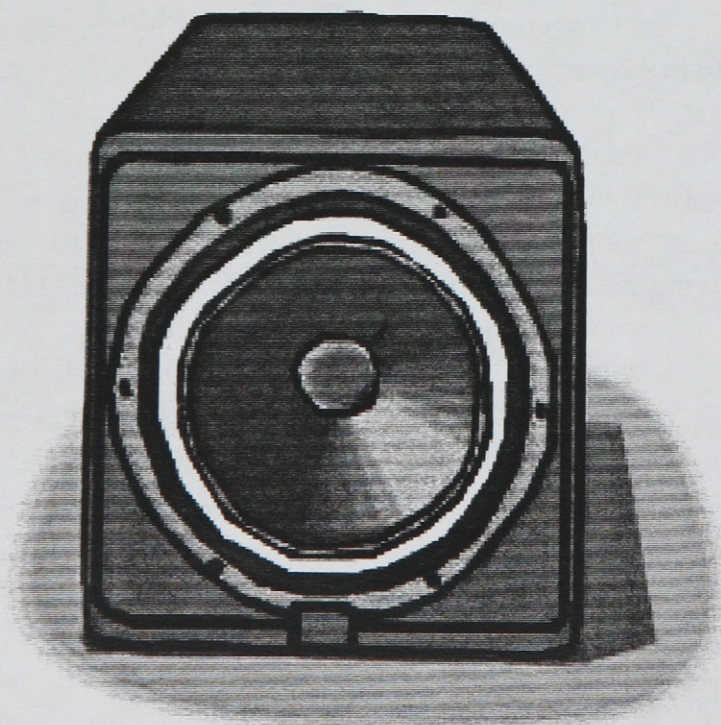
le 24 octobre 2000

N

an ode to pearl jam

al(ive) mendelsohn nat iv

on october fourth we went
to the molson centre to see
the band that had dragged me out
of the nineteen sixties
you see i only used to listen
to hendrix and the stones
but then i heard alive one day
the gods had thrown me a bone
music in the eighties
was crap and so i thought
that i could only listen to old stuff
and i liked it a whole lot
but eddy could really sing
and mike and stone could play
they wrote songs that really rocked
and that just made my day
so last week i went to see
my band of this decade
i had seen them three times before
but tonight i had it made
we had seats in the fourth row
of the reds near the ground
i had never been so close
to the band i could follow around
supergrass was opening
theyre supposed to be so good
but no one paid attention
they wanted pj if they could
the lights finally came down
so excited i could hurl



i jumped up on my feet
they were playing of the girl
then corduroy it really rocked
i was going fucking crazy
i danced and danced and danced again
i really wasn't lazy
there were lots and lots of problems
with mike mcreadys guitar
but they wouldn't let that slow them down
they were going so so far
jono will tell you it wasnt so good
it was old songs that they lacked
he didnt like the songs they played
where was daughter, alive and black
but i was happy as a clam
no song for me is a must
i got better man, even flow and porch
and state of love and trust
the lights came up for the second encore
so they could see the crowd
then they started fucking up
they played it fucking loud
the last song was my favourite
yellow ledbetter don't you know
it was like i was in heaven
i didnt want to go
but the show was finally over
after more than two hours
pj didnt disappoint
and i really needed a shower
there were so many law students there
like JF, PES and Anne
next time pj comes to town
go see them if you can

So You Want to be a Trial Lawyer?

The *Association of Trial Lawyers of America* is a voluntary trial bar association with a membership of approximately 58,000 lawyers, judges, law students, and professors from across Canada and the United States. They recently solicited interest at McGill Law. I want to establish a student chapter here. ATLA will be McGill Law's first *professional* club, dedicated to professional development rather than social matters.

Why join ATLA? Class teaches you legal basics. ATLA provides exposure to legal practice. ATLA complements law school education by offering students legal publications, educational programs, and networking opportunities – all of which help you place your career on the right path. Student members receive TRIAL Magazine and THE ADVOCATE Publication. THE ADVOCATE is a case reporter that covers groundbreaking decisions. Learn how to recover for Mad Cow Disease or how Florida smokers got \$550 million in punitive damages or how to launch a class action against McGill Law for “loss of consortium.” ATLA membership also gives you access to a very large job listing service, which posts opportunities from around North America. ATLA offers scholarships (read: money). You can attend conferences (read: connections), and participate in online forums on subjects ranging from environmental law to medical malpractice (read: help with that factum!).

ATLA is the biggest, meanest lobby group around. Trial lawyers are bigger than Big Tobacco, mightier than the defense contractors, more stupefying than the drug industry... Trial lawyers give almost twice as much as the next largest industry group. That means they influence policy and draft law! When ATLA snaps its fingers, MPs, Congressmen, and Presidents sit up and listen. Last year, President Clinton delivered the keynote address at the annual conference in Chicago. This year, as luck would have it, the convention takes place in MONTREAL.

For more information or to purchase a membership directly visit www.atla.org. Click on the search button, and type “student membership.” When you reach the page, fill in the blanks. Be sure to check the box that says you are enrolling through the student chapter. Student membership costs US\$25 (around 40 Canadian Pesos, which is less than most of you will spend next weekend on beer). If you are interested, please email at mikj@lsa.lan.mcgill.ca me or give me a call (see *Bottin*). Take care or beware!

Joe Mik, Law II
President, McGill Chapter ATLA

le 24 octobre 2000

N

Montreal Rock City

Dean Taylor NAT IV

"Get up! (Everybody's gonna move their feet) Get down! (Everybody's gonna leave their seat)

-Paul Stanley

The summer concert scene in Montreal looked bleak. After surviving the onslaught of country music in the early and mid-90's, I expected a new dawn of musical genius. Instead, the world was crushed by dance and a mindless pop hysteria that continues unabated to this day. With rock a bit player, the summer concert scene was awash in Britney's and N'Sync's, and the radio was littered with pseudo-Latin beats and techno trash. The end of music as we know it was near.

But there was hope. For suddenly, shining like a beacon in the night (a loud, garish, pyrotechnic 40,000 watt-firing beacon in the night) was the one band that could save rock and the dismal summer concert scene for the umpteenth time...KISS! KISS. The very word strikes fear into the heart of Tipper Gore. KISS. Fire-breathing, blood-spitting, flying, flaming guitar-playing KISS, with Satan riding shotgun and Ted Nugent and Skid Row opening. KISS.

Now, if you're not a child of the seventies, you may think of the middling, mediocre KISS of the '80s, minus Ace, and Peter, and make-up, the band that churned out "Crazy Nights" and "Hot in the Shade". *This is not KISS*. KISS is make-up, and flashing lights, and "I Was Made for Lovin' You", and parents all over North America quaking in their slippers as their kids rush to join the "KISS Army" and start constructing forty-piece drumkits in the basement in honour of Peter Criss. I was unfortunate to have been born in 1973, meaning that I was a wee bit too young to be buying KISS albums or going to see "KISS Meets the Phantom of the Park". But thanks to my oldest sister Debra and my neighbours John and Darren, I was still the only kid in kindergarten with a KISS poster on the wall of my room, proudly torn from the back of a comic book and taped over the Batman wallpaper. And while I drifted in and out of KISS fandom, I always came back. I still have a KISS poster on my wall. (Sadly, the Batman wallpaper is gone, save for one roll we found cleaning out the attic a few years back. I'm saving it for my kids.)

How does one explain an obsession? I have many, from the Boston Red Sox, to Liverpool Football Club, to all things Dylan Thomas. But I still can't explain why they exist. I can explain why KISS is sooooo big to sooooo many people, and why Al, Rena, Kandev and I were bound and determined to see "the hottest band in the world" (their words, not mine) before they retired. The day of the show, I spent some time wandering the streets of Montreal. There were KISS shirts *everywhere*. As of four in the afternoon, there were more KISS fans in HMV than I had ever seen. Half of them were already wearing make-up for a show that was to start 4 hours later. You think REO Speedwagon inspires devotion like this?

Now granted, 75% of these fans looked like refugees from a comic book convention (and probably were), but hey, we were all there for the same thing.

We headed to the show after a warm-up of KISS songs, with everyone outfitted in their concert-going best: Al's ripped jeans, Rena's black on black ensemble, Kandev's combat tourist look, and my finest black t-shirt and ripped shorts. I was a little apprehensive; KISS fans are tremendously devoted, and I had been to some shows where the fanatics would literally attack the less devout. This was not a problem. This was by far the most eclectic crowd I had ever seen: Old, young, black, white, frat-boys, Goths, everybody ready for the show. In front of us, a group of teenagers, in requisite baggy pants and backwards ballcaps. Behind us, a family of five, from balding middle-aged father down through teenaged son to (maybe) seven-year old daughter. KISS apparently knows no boundaries. Now granted, 75% of these fans looked like refugees from a comic book convention (and probably were), but hey, we were all there for the same thing.

That thing was not Skid Row (sadly lacking Canadian born front-man Sebastian Bach, a huge disappointment). They were good, not great, but it was nice to hear "Youth Gone Wild" live. Ted Nugent was an absolute mess, a loud, obnoxious racist. I believe he insulted everyone at least once. I even noticed a man walking out during the set giving the finger to the stage the whole way. All this really did was get the crowd clamouring for KISS that much more...and they did not disappoint.

We knew what was coming. KISS always opens with "Detroit Rock City", so all 18,000 people damn well knew what was coming. But we yelled, and screamed, and jumped up and down, and acted like lunatics, all the way through "Shock Me", and "Deuce", and "Cold Gin", and the countless other classics that you would know if you heard them. We roared when Gene flew over the crowd and did "God of Thunder", and when he breathed fire, and spit blood. Screamed when Ace's guitar was on fire during his solo, and when Peter's drum kit shot flames and rotated in the air. The crowd exploded every time Paul said "Mo-ray-al" in his Brooklyn accent and asked if we were having a good time tonight. And when it came time to "yell as loud as you can, and if you hit the red on this meter, I'm coming into the crowd" we all knew that it was planned, but we yelled as loud as we could, until (miraculously!) the meter hit the red, and Paul was twenty feet from us (did I mention we had floor seats?) breaking into "Love Gun". And through the rest of the show, the crowd shots, the video montage during "Do You Love Me" (FYI, we do) the lunacy of fifty year old men in platform boots and leather and greasepaint tearing the roof off the Molson Centre — we loved all of it. We knew it was an act. A big Broadway production, with a tour group that has been doing the same show for 30 years, and we ate it up. From "Shout it out Loud", to "Beth", to Paul's decree that if a band isn't giving you the show you want, "they do not deserve your money!" and to the final, confetti-filled, pyro-crazy encore of "Rock and Roll all Nite", we were all swept away. That is why KISS is so big. That's why Al, Rena, Kande and I shouted ourselves hoarse. That's why KISS has lasted so long. That's what music should be: fun, crazy, an escape from the every day. And I'm sorry, but when I hear Ricky Martin, I just want to escape.

Hey, what can I say? I "Love it Loud".

NEXT WEEK THEME:

BIG SURPRISE:

CAN YOU GUESS?

HALLOWEEN ISSUE

ghost stories or constitutional
nightmares.... let us know.

deadline for submissions Friday 5pm: quid_novi@hotmail.com

le 24 octobre 2000

N

Top Ten Albums To Listen To With THC In Your Bloodstream

Allen Mendelsohn NAT IV
Master of the Rolls, LSDM

Ah, Top 10 lists - the last bastion of the mediocre writer. Oh well. I present this list as a service, so all those who choose to indulge can enjoy themselves even more, in the spirit of this music Quid. For those who don't indulge, these are still awesome albums.

A few caveats before I begin. First of all, these albums are more for the lie-back-on-the-couch, turn-the-lights-off type of evening as opposed to the get-up-and-dance type of evening, although sometimes you can do both. Secondly, the list is highly refelctive of my own musical tastes and CD collection (I'm basically a Rock 'n Roll type of guy). There are literally thousands of albums that might be on the list, and I encourage you to tell me what you have in your collection that would fit (or better yet, invite me over for an evening of listening). Finally, I state emphatically that I do not advocate drug use or breaking the law.

With that said, turn the lights down, light some candles, burn some incense, and put one of these on the stereo:

10. *Are You Experienced* - The Jimi Hendrix Experience

Eric Burden of The Animals once said that Jimi takes Blues from the mud of the Mississippi Delta to Venus. Listen to this album and you'll go beyond Venus, to places in the galaxy you can only imagine. From *Purple Haze* to the beautiful guitar work on *Hey Joe*, you'll feel what Jimi was playing. Take notice of the lyrics in the title track...

9. *Flying Home* - Stanley Jordan

With the only non-rock album on the list, Jordan plays jazz guitar with a style unlike anyone. Every note is absolutely precious, and will ring in your ears, your heart and your brain. For those of you who fear to tread in jazz waters, the album includes an instrumental cover of *Stairway to Heaven* that makes you think Jimmy Page is actually a bad guitarist...

8. *The Velvet Underground and Nico* - The Velvet Underground

Wow. Now we're really freaking out. The original experimental band, ignored in their heyday but revered today. This album contains some classics - including *Waiting for My Man* and *Venus in Furs*. Things really get going with *Heroin*, when even if you're not on smack you can feel what Lou Reed was feeling...

7. *Workingman's Dead* - The Grateful Dead

OK, all you Deadheads, stop screaming at me. I know there are much better albums that fit this list. I've put in this one because it is the most "accessible" Dead album, packed full of good solid tunes, singing and musicianship. It's a great port of entry for the non-Deadhead. Then, when you fall in love, you can move on to *Europe '72*, *Anthem of the Sun* and beyond...

6. *Billy Breathes* - Phish

I've done the same thing I've done for the Dead, so you Phishheadas can stop screaming at me too. This one is packed full of radio-friendly tunes like *Free*, *Prince Caspian* and the title track, but you still get a taste of just how good these guys are as musicians. Again, you can use this CD as an entry for more daring Phish material. Mix this album with another Vermont export, Ben and Jerry's, and your evening will be complete...

5. *Legend* - Bob Marley

Roots reggae, rastafarianism and ganja - they all seem intertwined somehow. While I could have easily picked any Marley album (I especially like *Exodus* and *Rastaman Vibrations*), I've put this awesome greatest hits collection on the list so you can get all the great tunes. 14 amazing tracks, from *One Love* to *Redemption Song* to *Jamming* to *Get Up, Stand Up* - the true meaning of "feelin' irie"...

4. *Greatest Hits* - The Doors (double CD version)

"Five to one, baby, one in five - no one here gets out alive". Far out, man. As the other greatest hits collection on the list, this double CD has it all. From the big hits like *Light My Fire* and *People are Strange*, to legendary epics like *When the Music's Over* and *Riders on the Storm*, this album will blow you away. The album begins with the death-themed *Break on Through*, and ends with the death-themed *The End* - think about Jim when you're listening. Available in the LSA Office...

3. *Live at Red Rocks 8/15/95* - Dave Matthews Band

Finally, some music made in the last ten years, you're saying. Dave makes great albums, but it's when he's live live that he shines the brightest, and this album will really make you feel like you're there. There are some songs you'll want to get up to dance to (*Tripping Billies*, *Ants Marching*), but there's a bunch where you'll just want to lay back and groove. The first disc opens with an epic *Seek Up*, and the second disc closes with an incredible *All Along the Watchtower* cover. In between, your heart should stop cold (or really speed up) when you hear *Lie in our Graves*, *Two Step* and *Typical Situation*. It's amazing what a well-played violin can do for you when you're buzzed....

I have to admit that I may be biased, since once when I was listening to Side 2 at some party (actually in a room upstairs from some party), I believe I had an out of body experience.

2. *Brothers in Arms* - Dire Straits (side 2 only)

First of all, for those of you who are too young to know, albums used to have two sides. Side two is equivalent to tracks 6 through 9 if you're listening on CD. You can skip the hits like *Money for Nothing* and *Walk of Life* that are on side one, and jump right to track 6. Track 6 is *Ride Across the River*, a song with Mark Knopfler's phenomenal guitar and some other instrument I can't identify that will blow you away. Next up is *This Man's Too Strong*, which shows that Knopfler can work an acoustic guitar too, and write lyrics no one can really understand (something about war). *One World* has some awesome moments, but it's the big finale, *Brothers in Arms*, that will absolutely kill you. It's moody, it's haunting, and Knopfler really makes his guitar sing with these amazing little fills between lyrics that will send chills up and down your spine. Program your CD player to repeat these four songs, and you can't lose. I have to admit that I may be biased, since once when I was listening to Side 2 at some party (actually in a room upstairs from some party), I believe I had an out of body experience...

1. *Wish You Were Here* - Pink Floyd

Alright, now the Floyd fans are screaming at me. Why not *The Wall*? Where's *Dark Side of the Moon*? What about *Meddle*?!? All great albums, absolutely. But I'm a Floyd fan too, and I believe that this album is where it's at. I've listened to it at least a million times, and it's still fucking unbelievable. Straight, too, it's amazing. We were listening to it in the LSA Office last week and it was just awesome. Starting out with *Shine on You Crazy Diamond Parts I,II,III,IV V*, the album builds from a gentle mood to a fabulous crescendo. The song really captures the essence of the group's late member, Syd Barrett, who the song is about. *Welcome to the Machine* is the reflection of the corporate music machine that killed Syd, and *Have a Cigar* has a funky rhythm starting it off that I still don't understand. *Wish you Were Here*, as everyone knows, has an acoustic guitar intro that's one of the best ever. The lyrics blow me away, too ("we're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl, year after year"). *Shine on You Crazy Diamond Parts VI-IX* will let you come down at just the right speed. From beginning to end, this album to me is the ultimate trip. Settle in and let the flight begin....

P.S. Thanks to the *Quid* and their liberal editorial policy for allowing law students the opportunity to print stuff like this.

le 24 octobre 2000

N

Ask Dr. Panzonfiah

Dr. J.R. Panzonfiah

Dear Doctor,

I have recently been wracked with inordinate amounts of law-related guilt & am wondering if you can offer any words of wisdom. Given that it is mid-October, do you think that it's too late to shower my heretofore ignored law partner with summaries & words of helpful advice? Is there any way for me to rectify this atrocious lack of attention, or should I just continue to avoid them in the hallway?

Sincerely,

Guilty, Guilty, Guilty

Dear Guilty,

Yes, I'm afraid it is too late. But that doesn't mean you have to avoid your law partner completely. Might I suggest inviting your partner or partnerette out on an evening of imbibement and good times at Thompson House? Tuesdays are the night to see and be seen at T-House, what with everyone's favorite barmaid Nancy pouring frosty ales and Bart, Montreal's most debonair waiter and dish-boy ready to cater to your every need. Chances are you'll catch a glimpse of the Panther (Mike M.) perched comfortably at his favorite stool and partaking in the fun and frolic. Twice a fortnight Ms. Kisluk, Ms. McLaren, Special K, that most charming of Swedes - Christer, and a slew of others come out of the woodwork. The doctor himself has been known to make an appearance. So if it's amends you're looking to make, look no further!

Dear Doctor,

I am worried about the nature of reality. I mean, is time simply an ordering property of my consciousness or is it really out there? Am I the same person from one moment to the next? Is "truth" simply a linguistic manoeuvre or is it a subsistent quality?

Perplexed.

Dear Perplexed,

Respectively: the latter, yes, the latter. And always remember, a wet duck never flies at night.

Please send your questions to drpanzonfiah@hotmail.com. The doctor is always in.

You don't have to be black to be a part of the Black Law Students Association!

Hey everyone,

I have been approached by a couple of you who were complaining of not having their ethnic group represented in the Faculty, and that were interested in becoming members of the BLSAM. Well, here's some good news: BLSAM is welcoming all of you who want to get involved and help us out! Our main focus this year is fundraising, but we should still find time to party and do fun stuff. So if you're interested or want more info, e-mail me at: gauthin@lsa.lan.mcgill.ca.

Peace out!

Nathalie Gauthier

Prez.

The Black Law Students Association is having a

BRAINSTORMING MEETING

□□□ Monday October 30, 12:45pm in the Atrium

Come learn about this year's goals and speak your mind!

Be there, or be forever lost...

N

October 24, 2000

Bridget Jones Goes to Law School

Veronica Henderson and Nicole Lachance LLB III

Sunday 15 October

Weight 1 million lbs. (owing to giant wine bag inside self), alcohol units 8 (absolutely necessary in order to mitigate malaise of upcoming mini-break), gym visits 0 (bloody hell), cases read 0 (needs improvement), minutes spent attempting to select most slimming outfits to wear for mini-break with top barrister bf/pen pal 859 (g.).

8:00 am

Oh my bloody God. Last night spent drinking glass after glass of porto wine whilst nibbling plate of pungent cheeses at *Whisky Café*. Main accomplishment of morning was walk to medicine cabinet for headache-easing *Resolve*.

9:30 am

This morning's inevitable headache clouding memory of last night's outing, although unmistakably remember episode where bosom friend Hermia publicly removing violet fur-trimmed *Agent Provocateur* bra and igniting it with *Davidoff* cigarillo in celebration of empowering state of solicitous celibacy. Karate philosophy — *The mind needs to be freed* — apparently motivating factor.

11:00 am

Joined last night by new age-type classmate Viola who is valuable source of Eastern wisdom, and provided new insight re: first year crush Simon. Irrelevant insight, obviously, as am completely over him. Nevertheless, apparently according to Zen Buddhist approach, Simon's *not* calling me after all this time actually indicates his continued desire to become reacquainted due to *ongoing continuity of again-becoming*.

Lured out of first year crush Simon fantasy by the ever-poised Lillian. Must accordingly free mind of any *again-becoming* thoughts of first year crush Simon in order to locate slimming post-Thanksgiving outfits for overseas mini-break with top barrister bf.

9:10 pm *Past passport control at Dorval*

Damn. All a man has to say is "Bridget, I love you. You're *thin*." ...and follow him across Atlantic.

* With apologies to Helen Fielding

le 24 octobre 2000

N

A Quid Article Worth the Paper

Eric Ward LLB III

Dig up last week's *Quid*. Turn to the article by Mercedes Perez on her experiences in Ecuador. Cut it out and put it on your fridge. Read it at least once a week.

Mercedes raises questions of justice that we too often set aside "for the purposes of argument" or "for the purpose of learning the law" or for the purpose of feeling important and effective. Mercedes' article whispers to our consciences: "was I born to grease wheels that create starvation in fertile valleys?"

Lawyers must be concerned with justice. It is what separates us from accountants. It maybe all that saves us from the accountants.

Other faculties and schools can probably create better negotiators, economists, systems analysts, business executives, managers, and so on. The comparative advantage of a law school is that it can be a place in which students struggle with questions of justice and learn a language to describe that struggle. Matt de Vlieger's article on Pierre Trudeau and F.R. Scott reminds us that this law school has been a launching point for great experiments in justice.

These experiments are obviously unfinished.

When a guy's right, he is right so we are reprinting this great article from last week.

My Summer In Ecuador

(or, a call for thoughtful debate)

Mercedes Perez LLB II

I spent the summer in Ecuador as an intern at a human rights organization. I have not spoken publicly about my experiences until now. But now as the law school buzzes with controversy over two pointless articles that reveal nothing but arrogance, bad taste, and a well-entrenched sexual immaturity, I feel the need to share my experiences - the timing may appear strange but after much thought, it makes sense to me.

Ecuador is a country that produces a splendid array of tropical fruits - guava, papaya, passion fruit, pineapple, mango - yet almost every store and restaurant, even in the most remote of villages, proudly and prominently displays a Coca-Cola logo. It is a country where eating at McDonald's, like drinking a Coke, signals your economic and social status. Security personnel, equipped with bullet proof vests and shot guns protect not only banks, hotels, car dealerships, private universities and many restaurants, but also every McDonald's.

Ecuador is a country that exports coffee, yet most Ecuadorians drink Nescafe instant. You are hard-pressed to find a good cup of coffee. The only places serving coffee made through a filter or with an espresso machine are expensive hotels, or restaurants and cafes that cater to tourists and wealthy Ecuadorians.

Ecuador is a magical land of rainforests, waterfalls, cloud forests, spectacular mountain ranges, beautiful beaches, and long rainy seasons. But its bounty of natural resources faces the unrelenting onslaught of bad ecotourism policies, hungry extractive industries, and the sad environmental effects of a widespread and debilitating poverty. Every inch of land that can be cultivated has been cultivated. The land, especially in the Andean part of the country, looks tired. In the coastal

N

October 24, 2000

areas, the once abundant mangrove forests have been almost completely wiped out to make way for shrimp farms. The Amazon continues to suffer from rapid deforestation. Four days of trekking through knee-high mud to reach remote Shuar villages revealed many butterflies and insects, but not a single bird or reptile. The only furry animal we saw was a small deer.

In Ecuador, tourists have access to the natural beauty of the country in ways that are inaccessible to the average Ecuadorian. The only Ecuadorian I met who had been to the Galapagos was an ex-career soldier who had flown there on a military flight for free. The new austerity reforms being pursued by the country's government, and approved by the IMF, threaten to exacerbate the situation. They seek to privatize public beaches and other natural resources. The public will be barred from these areas for the simple reason that they will not be able to afford them.

Ecuador is a place where everyone travels by bus, except a small elite that can afford to travel by air. The few railway connections are prohibitively expensive for locals. In fact, the trains run almost exclusively for tourists. It is a place where foreigners, armed with the latest malaria medication and strengthened by typhoid and yellow fever vaccines, can visit the coastal areas or the Amazon in relative safety. Most Ecuadorians are not so lucky. In just three months, I personally knew of four locals who contracted either dengue fever or malaria after spending a few days on the beach.

In the island town of Muisne, located in the northern Esmeraldas region, I saw the worst manifestations of extreme poverty. There was no sewage system, barefoot children begged for money, food rotted in the streets, garbage clogged public spaces. Surprisingly, every dilapidated house had a TV.

Ecuador is a place where the former President was removed from office this past January by a strange alliance forged between mid-level army officers and the country's powerful indigenous movement. The popular uprising came on the heels of corruption scandals, hyperinflation, a controversial government bail-out of defaulting banks, the dollarization of the economy, and growing popular perceptions that democracy is too narrow.

The former President is now rumoured to be hiding at Harvard while the courts in Ecuador debate whether his extradition should be sought. The new President has chosen to continue with the dollarization of the economy and with austerity measures that have seen the price of fuel, gas, and electricity rise drastically over the last few months. His actions were met by a collective international sigh of relief even though struggling Ecuadorians are not generally so optimistic.

Ecuador is a country where teachers went on strike this summer, demanding wage increases to about \$180 per month and protesting against the creeping privatization of the education system. Frustrated by the lack of government response, many went on hunger strikes, writing out their demands with their own blood. In a country where the press is anything but independent, public perceptions are easily manipulated and teachers returned to work essentially under the same conditions as before.

Ecuador is a country where the words "criminal delinquency" have conveniently replaced the word "poverty". It is a place where the demographics of the prison population attest to processes that undeniably signal the criminalization of poverty. In Quito, there are only 5 public defenders available for the entire prison population. Drug laws are so tough that getting caught with a few joints of marijuana means you face up to 10 years of prison unless you can prove that you weren't trafficking, that these were for your own consumption - a dangerous undermining of the presumption of innocence and a reversal of the burden of proof, as any first year law student knows. These laws are unconstitutional but the constant threat of de-certification by the United States keeps them on the books.

I attended a workshop at which a farmer spoke eloquently about the need for average Ecuadorians to regain control over their collective destinies. He told me "here in this place we die of hunger yet we have everything."

As I sit in Montreal now and re-visit the recent past, I am at a loss to explain the things that I have seen. Not because I cannot understand the systemic fallacies that have produced the current state of affairs in which 80% of the world's population struggles just to survive, while the rest of us worry if our largely fabricated "needs" are being met. But because I was naive enough to think that the rest of us cared. We cannot continue to ignore the fact that their poverty is a function of our wealth. And we in law school should not become obsessed with pointless, childish provocations but instead should remember that there are real issues that need to be thought about. I don't support censorship, and I do think that these infamous articles merit a response and I thank everyone who chose to do so in a direct manner - but please, let's remember why we are here.

Remembering Ronald Reagan

Joe Mik Law II

The style of political campaigns has always figured as their content. But in 1980, the Republican nominee for the Presidency, Ronald Reagan, elevated style to its apex. Reagan's mastery of our cultural imagery was such that it blurred in his mind the distinction between reality and the mythic America of cinema. Hollywood took over Washington. He orchestrated grandiose spectacles like the 1984 Olympics at Los Angeles and the Bicentennial of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor to reassure Americans of their supremacy. His cultural influence endures, and remains more profound than his legislative legacy.

Reagan was born in Tampico, Illinois in 1911. His father's alcoholism effectively destroyed his home. Poverty further hardened Reagan. He learned to conceal misery with a smile. He graduated from Eureka College with a degree in economics in 1932. The Depression imposed difficulty upon Reagan as on many others. After some wandering, he found work as a sportscaster in Indiana. He even covered star quarterback Gerald Ford's games. On a trip to California, he auditioned at MGM Studio. Over 50 films featured him during the next 27 years. He styled himself the "Errol Flynn of the Bs." Political talent manifested itself when he won the presidency of the Screen Actor's Guild. Reagan was and is still the only President of the United States ever to have been unionized. Senator McCarthy summoned him before the Senate Committee on Un-American Activities. Intimidated and credulous, he crumbled. In 1940, he married actress Jane Wyman. They divorced by 1948. The Air Force drafted him in 1942. He spent the war briefing bomber pilots. In 1952, he married another actress, Nancy Davis. That same year, he quit acting to become spokesman for General Electric. Touring factories around the country taught him "Government was the problem." In 1962, lifelong Democrat Reagan joined the Republican Party. Rising taxes and mounting civil unrest drew him into California politics in 1967. He ran for Governor, promising to restore law and order and cut government by 10%. He won. When antiwar riots erupted at the University of California at Berkeley, Governor Reagan sent in the National Guard. They cleared the campus with tear gas and bayonets. Policies countering the "Great Society's" credo of state expansion catapulted Reagan to national renown. In 1976, he lost the Republican nomination to Gerald Ford. In 1980, however, an electoral landslide handed him the Presidency.

Success transformed Reagan into a true believer. He never doubted that American ideals applied universally. If he could rise from poverty to the Presidency by way of Hollywood stardom, so could anyone else. Reagan portrayed himself as an "ordinary man who made good." Because his personal experience vindicated American values, Reagan never brooked skepticism. Only a lack of faith and a meddlesome government prevented ordinary people from realizing their dreams. Doubters were, in his mind, unworthy of their nationality. Liberalism took on the aspect of a heresy. Skeptics not only cast aspersions on America but had also, in his mind, failed post-War America.

As an individual, Reagan was almost impossible to know. His optimism and idealism seemed to preclude any real depth of character. He became a reflected other's self-image. The religious conservatives thought him a religious conservative; the proponents of free trade saw in him a vehicle for their agenda; populists felt he was at heart a populist too... This very malleability of character befuddled his official biographer Dick Morris (author of the infamous "*Dutch*"). Reagan loved his second wife, Nancy, to the exclusion of everyone else, including his own children. The sole repository of Reagan's trust, Nancy wielded extraordinary influence over the White House. Advisers rose and fell with her nod. Her astrologer scheduled summits with World leaders.

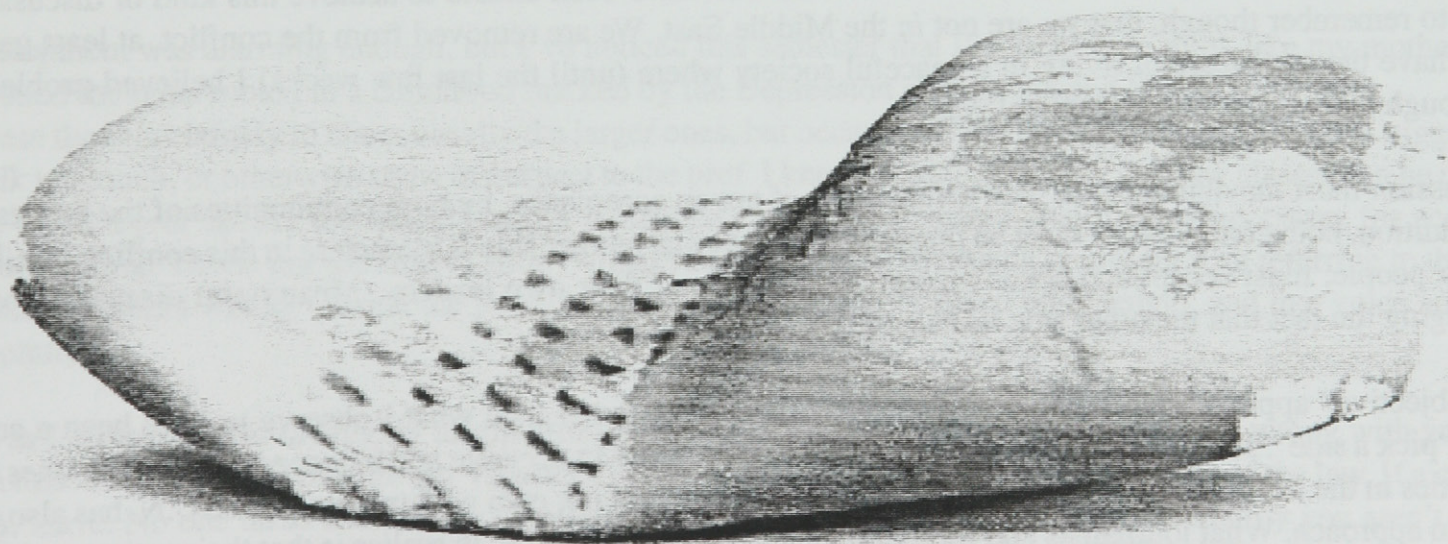
Reagan's qualifications have been a constant source of ridicule. As early as 1967, Robert Kennedy asked Californians why they would vote for an actor. Reagan pointed out that Robert Kennedy had never held any job before his brother, President John F. Kennedy, named him Attorney-General. As a presidential candidate he reminded Americans that, as Governor of California, he had successfully managed the World's seventh largest economy. Surrounded by advisers trained at the finest universities, President Reagan claimed never to have found his education at Eureka College wanting. Biographer Dick Morris described him as "the most remarkably uncurious man I ever met." Indeed, as President, Reagan refused to read any

More joe mik.....continued from page 14

document longer than a single page. He napped through briefings. To be sure, by his second administration, an assassination attempt and Alzheimer's had taken their toll on his health. But anyone who doubts Reagan's intelligence should examine his autobiography *"An American Life."* He dedicates 300 pages to the intricate and arcane details of arms control.

Under Reagan, politics and entertainment intertwined with unprecedented sophistication. Hollywood colleagues produced his campaigns and Presidency as they would a film. A makeup artist gave his septuagenarian skin a ruddy complexion. A tailor cut shirts with a false collar and designed clip-on ties to conceal the shortness of Reagan's neck. An optometrist prescribed contact lenses of a watery blue to hide his near blindness. Cinematographers instructed their cameramen to film Reagan from below so as to emphasize his height and the majesty of his office. In David Gergen and Peggy Noonan, he found speechwriters in tune with archetype. They gave Reagan's speeches a folksy glow, reminiscent of Franklin Roosevelt's "fireside chats." The overall affect aimed to soothe and reassure: hitherto insoluble quandaries would give way effortlessly before "Grandpa" Reagan's resolute common sense.

Nicknamed "The Great Communicator," Reagan's memorable phrases projected the warm confidence that his nation craved. He reassured America of its "manifest destiny" at a time when Japan challenged its economic hegemony and the Soviet Union attacked its political primacy. America was a "shining city on a hill." This phrase, drawn directly from the Pilgrim's sermon of 1621 delivered on Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, transplanted their utopian vision to the 20th Century. His campaign slogan of 1984 – "It's morning again in America" – stressed renewal. At that time, he famously inquired "Are you better off today than you were four years ago?" This maxim has since become formulaic around election time. His humor helped diffuse tension and won over opponents. When asked whether age would affect his performance, Reagan replied "I will not exploit or use for political gain my opponent's youth and inexperience." Facing a press barrage over the Iran-Contra, he turned to the Thanksgiving turkey and asked it "Did you say something?" When he received "the silent treatment" at the University of California at Santa Cruz, he raised his index finger to his pursed lips and, to everyone's mirth, whispered "shhhh!" About to undergo surgery following the assassination attempt, he quipped of his doctors "I hope they are all Republicans." Many more are, Mr. President, thanks to you



What was that bump?

THE MIDDLE EAST CRISIS

why objectivity and discussion are better than polarization

Ryan Rabinovitch Law II

"A great many people think they are thinking when they are merely rearranging their prejudices"

- William James

The recent events in the Middle East have been tragic. However, perhaps equally tragic, was the response of Arab and Jewish communities *outside* the Middle East. What has followed the unfortunate conflict has been a series of condemnations by the U.N., by newspapers, journalists, as well as community leaders. Rallies have taken place, posters gone up, and pamphlets been given out, at McGill, in Montreal, and other cities in North America. This "information campaign" has been pursued by both sides in the conflict with an almost frightening vehemence.

What I object to is the polarisation that has ensued. Neither side is providing information. What both communities distribute is propaganda. I suppose that it would be a dire infringement of free speech to recommend that such gatherings be banned. However, I simply cannot understand the point of such gatherings when they are only used as forums for the heightening of nationalist and irrational feelings of bitterness and hatred. What has inevitably resulted is a polarised student body. I fail to see how such a mood can encourage reconciliation. It can only serve to increase tensions, and *externalise* an unfortunate conflict in the Middle East. What people organising these rallies forget, is that we ought not be engaged in a contest of who can produce the most accusations to the largest number of people, rather, we must be concentrating our efforts on reconciliation between the two communities at McGill and in Montreal, and preventing the violence and hatred from spilling over into our own backyards.

What must be encouraged is a forum for discussion, where members of both communities can meet and discuss the issues. Only through such discussion can the concerns of both communities be validated and progress towards reconciliation be made. Unfortunately, our families and brethren in Middle East have been unable to achieve this kind of discussion. It is important to remember though, that we are not *in* the Middle East. We are removed from the conflict, at least geographically, and have the advantage of living in a peaceful society where (until the last few weeks) I believed problems were solved through discussion, rather than violence.

Such discussion must inevitably begin with a validation, if not an acceptance, by both communities of the interests of the other. In addition, both communities must be prepared to accept that neither side is blameless in this conflict. The Jews and Arabs, as a people, must accept and acknowledge the mistakes of their own leaders. Meaningful discussion begins by acknowledging the fact that the other side *has* a point.

A more "objective" approach must also be reflected by the media, rather than what I observe to have been a consistent attempt to "pick a side". Journalists must try in good faith to represent an accurate and balanced picture that takes the fault of both parties in the Middle East conflict into account. The position of our own governments in the U.N. has also failed to take such an approach. What journalists and foreign policy decision makers fail to realise is that their actions only serve to *increase* tensions between the two communities *in* Canada.

There must be genuine dialogue between the two communities at McGill, and in Montreal. This involves listening and acknowledgement of responsibility by both sides, *before* any accusations are made, and actions of the opposing community condemned. Propaganda, bias, irrational nationalist sentiment or hatred, and a rejection of any semblance of truth or objectivity can only lead to more violence.

R-E-S-P-E-C-T

Karen Lajoie LLB III

It's official - I'm old.

I know this largely because of two recent events:

- 1 - These very pages told me so only a few short weeks ago; and
- 2 - I have begun to channel my mother.

This latter development is, I must say, far more troubling than the former. It started innocently enough last year, when random comments I made in passing seemed in retrospect suspiciously like things my mother might say. My mother and I, it bears noting, have always had what is best described by both parties as a "difficult" relationship. We hold sharply differing views on politics, religion, the value of a liberal arts education, my future, our general place in the world, whether the Expos should stay in Montreal or leave, and whether the Canadiens will ever regain their former lustre. I am sure she sits in her suburban home wondering how a child she raised with such singular focus managed to turn out so contrary. What can I say? It's part of my nature.

Still, I think it is a parent's best revenge to watch their children grow older. How many times has each of us as teenagers thought (or said in anger), "I'll NEVER be like / say that when I grow up!" when engaged in some juvenile argument with a parent? Yet given enough time, we catch ourselves turning into them despite our best efforts. While this might secretly please my mother, I actually blame my cat for these initial treacherous steps onto the slippery slope.

I became a cat owner about a year ago. Coincidence? I think not. Since introducing that bundle of black fur into my life, I have, with alarming frequency, caught myself saying something, usually of a disciplinary nature, and wondering, "Where did that come from?" My voice, choice of words, and attitude has largely mirrored my mother's while disciplining my teenage self. It is as if she takes possession of my spirit for isolated moments in time and speaks to my cat, and through it to me, enjoying the last laugh.

This development was alarming enough, but I've noticed this semester that I'm starting to think like my mother too, nice old-fashioned thoughts rooted in a childhood marked by the Depression and the Second World War.

I think these thoughts largely in class, usually the larger ones, but occasionally in the seminars too. They're triggered when people talk too much, or otherwise show disrespect to the prof. I know as well as anyone that law classes can be dull. There are times when a prof speaks too quickly, and a momentary conference with a chairmate is necessary for accurate and efficient notetaking. This is not the kind of short, whispered talking I'm discussing at present. I'm referring to the ongoing discussions of matters wholly outside the purview of the course, usually carried on at length, and in a voice approaching normal volume.

As much as I chafed then at my highly disciplined formative years, I am left to wonder, "What's wrong with you people? Were you raised by wolves?" Despite our variances in age, we are all over 18, adults in the eyes of the law. If a class really bores you, leave. No one takes attendance; no one cares if you even come to class or not. Certainly you aren't absorbing anything if you're not listening, so feel free to leave. Please don't feel free to discuss your boredom with anyone trapped by misfortune in the seats beside you. Some of us might actually be taking notes, even if our interest levels aren't altogether that much higher than your own.

While I'm warmed up, I'd like to take a moment to discuss pre- and post-interview etiquette. I realize a great many of you have been, and likely will again, have job interviews during school hours. This is inevitable, given the current structure of these things. But if you anticipate leaving early, pick a seat by the door and slip out as unobtrusively as possible. If you are coming into class late, don't make a big production of wriggling your business-suited self into a seat across the room from the door to be near your friends, and then proceed to discuss what just happened at the interview. The rest of us who aren't

Lajoie...Continued from page 17

your immediate circle of friends don't care and really don't want to hear about it while the lecture is ongoing. I went out and earned cash money to pay for these lectures, and I want to feel like I got my money's worth. Sometimes that is out of everyone's control. Boorish behavior however, is definitely within our collective control.

The same goes for packing up. There are days I sit in class, particularly in Family Law for some reason, and am simply thunderstruck by people's rudeness. It's like some magic button that I'm not programmed into gets pushed at 5 to 1 and suddenly a large segment of the class spontaneously feels obliged to wrestle with jackets, pack backpacks, and chat about lunch plans with their friends. This would be fine, IF THE CLASS WERE OVER! Most of the time however, the Professor is still talking to us about course material. This is a problem. In a perfect world, I would be a prof, and I would set exams that somehow only covered material presented in these last few minutes of every lecture. It would be a perfect rebuke to the inconsiderate and rude behavior profs suffer in silence all term at our hands.

We've had a long discussion in this Faculty over the past few weeks about the mutual respect we owe our fellow students. This idea extends beyond the forum that triggered the discussion in the first place. It should be patently obvious to all that I am not Aretha Franklin, but I'm fairly sure a little respect goes a long way towards building the kind of environment where we all can learn something of value. If you don't believe me, just ask my mother.

LA REVUE QUÉBÉCOISE DE DROIT INTERNATIONAL

RECENSIONS / BOOK REVIEWS

Outil de référence juridique et scientifique indispensable, la *Revue québécoise de Droit international* offre à son lectorat une analyse critique des plus récentes publications en droit international provenant de maisons d'édition réputées, d'ici et d'ailleurs.

The objective of the *RQDI* is not only to promote legal research and scholarship, but also to provide a forum for discussion of contemporary international and legal issues.

Therefore, the *RQDI* invites all law students, graduate students, professors and practitioners who have an interest for international law to write book reviews. The books have carefully been chosen from well-known publishing houses. Soumises à un processus d'évaluation scientifique, ces recensions pourront faire l'objet d'une publication dans nos prochains volumes. Il est à noter qu'un «service à la carte» est offert aux internationalistes intéressés par la rédaction d'une recension. Ce service permet au recenseur de choisir un ouvrage précis correspondant au champ de compétence ou au domaine qui lui est propre.

Pour avoir la liste des livres disponibles correspondant à vos champs d'intérêts, communiquez avec Alon Rehany par courrier électronique à arehan@lsa.lan.mcgill.ca. Nous vous invitons également à consulter notre site Web à <http://www.juris.uqam.ca/rqdi/>

La pauvreté à un sexe et il est féminin

19

Andréane J. Laflamme Law I

Les 30 000 manifestants de la Marche des Femmes ne sont pas passés inaperçus à Montréal le 14 octobre, puis à New York le 17 octobre, où les déléguées de 6000 organisations de 159 pays se sont rencontrées pour remettre leurs revendications à Kofi Annan, le Secrétaire général des Nations Unies qui était absent à cause de la crise au Moyen-Orient. Elles étaient déterminées à obtenir des engagements qui vont au-delà des belles paroles et des vœux pieux.

Une des organisations présente à New-York était Amnistie Internationale, je les ai donc accompagné en tant que membre. Nous étions 20 000, pas plus. C'est moins qu'à Montréal, effectivement, mais quelle manifestation! Elles étaient 250 du Burkina Faso, un des pays les plus pauvres de l'Afrique, leur détermination leur a permis de traverser l'océan. Mme Suzanne Tuina, l'une d'entre elles, me racontait que depuis que les femmes de son pays se sont impliquées dans le mouvement de la Marche des Femmes, elles ont découvert qu'elles aussi, elles avaient des droits. Elles ont pris confiance en elles et conscience qu'elles sont essentielles au fonctionnement social et économique de leur pays. Les Haïtiennes ont toutefois eu moins de chance; elles se sont fait dire que si elles voulaient aller à New York, elles devraient y aller à pied. Les femmes de Turquie pour leur part, ont été emprisonnées lorsqu'elles ont marché contre la pauvreté et la violence faite aux femmes et pendant que nous manifestations à New York, elles demeuraient en prison pour avoir simplement demandé de meilleures conditions de vie. Les Colombiennes ont clairement montré leur position face à la guerre civile qui sévit chez-elles, elles étaient masquées et sur un grand drapeau de leur pays elles avaient écrit « No queremos parir hijos para hacer la guerra ». Les Mexicaines, flamboyantes, chantaient haut et fort leur révolte.

C'est ainsi que pendant que nous faisons du bruit à l'extérieur, les journalistes eux, écoutaient Mme Louise Fréchette, l'assistante de l'adjoint de M. Kofi Annan, expliquer que si les pauvres sont pauvres, ce n'est pas parce qu'il y a de la mondialisation mais parce que la mondialisation ne se fait pas assez rapidement. En d'autres mots elle appuie les politiques de la Banque Mondiale et du FMI. Ce n'est pas exactement le genre d'engagements auxquels s'attendaient les 4,5 millions de femmes qui ont signé la pétition pour l'adoption de mesures concrètes contre la pauvreté et la violence faites aux femmes.

J'espère que ça ne vous ennuie pas si je vous rappelle que quatre millions de femmes et de fillettes sont vendues chaque année dans le monde comme esclaves domestiques, pour des mariages arrangés ou pour le trafic sexuel; que la moitié des personnes sur notre planète vivent avec moins de 2\$ par jour et que 70% de ces personnes sont des femmes. Selon des chiffres des Nations Unies, les femmes produisent les deux tiers des richesses dans le monde et n'en récoltent qu'un dixième.

Au-delà du peu d'enthousiasme des représentants de l'ONU, une des déceptions de cette marche Mondiale des Femmes est la non participation des New-Yorkais. Je n'ai vu aucune publicité dans la Ville et il n'y avait qu'un triste paragraphe dans le Wall Street Journal. Lorsque nous manifestations entre la 47e et la 14e avenue, les automobilistes s'arrêtaient pour nous demander qu'est-ce qui se passait. Personne était au courant. Paraît-il que les Américaines blâmaient les Québécoises d'avoir pris trop de leadership dans l'organisation.

Vraiment, c'est minable comme excuse. Un peu avant la marche, je suis allée visiter les bureaux de la section américaine d'Amnistie Internationale. La directrice des bureaux de New-York expliquait que Amnestie, l'ensemble de l'organisation, devrait mettre un plus grand accent sur les violations des droits de la personnes qui ont lieux aux États-Unis.

Entre autres, elle nous a rappelé que les États-Unis n'ont toujours pas signé la Convention sur l'égalité des droits de la femme. Pourquoi? Tant que les Républicains auront le Sénat, ils représenteront les intérêts de groupes religieux orthodoxes tels que ceux dans le mid-west. Les adhérents à l'église « Baptiste » dans le sud affirment que cette convention est une attaque à la famille et à la notion de « motherhood ». Personnellement, je crois que ce sont d'autres mots pour renouveler des idées patriarcales et dire qu'ils ne sont pas d'accord pour que les femmes soient dans une situation égale aux hommes. Ce sont ces mêmes genres de groupes d'ailleurs qui font que les États-Unis, au côté de la Somalie, n'ont toujours pas signé la Convention relative aux droits de l'enfant. La clause qui les dérange tout particulièrement est celle qui dit que personne ne peut être condamnée à mort pour un crime qu'elle a commis lorsqu'elle avait moins de 18 ans.

Je crois toutefois que le plus important c'est de voir nos acquis. Certains diront qu'ils sont minces. Effectivement monétairement nous n'avons pas eu énormément. Par contre, au cours de ces deux dernières années, nous avons créé un réseau mondial de femmes qui ont toutes des buts communs: lutter contre la pauvreté des femmes parce qu'il est indéniable qu'elles sont les premières victimes de la mondialisation néo-libérale. C'est de la solidarité à grande échelle. « So-So-So-Solidarité!!! »

le 24 octobre 2000

N

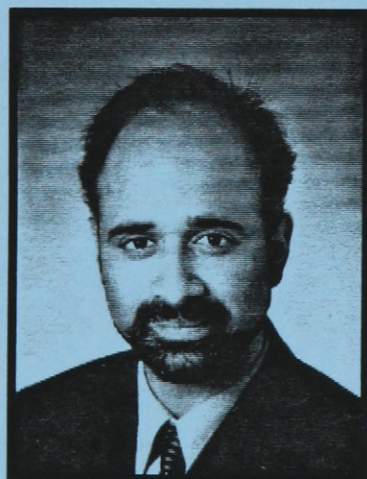
Fasken Martineau DuMoulin LLP

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

Info Semin@r

Practical Aspects of New Technologies and International Trade

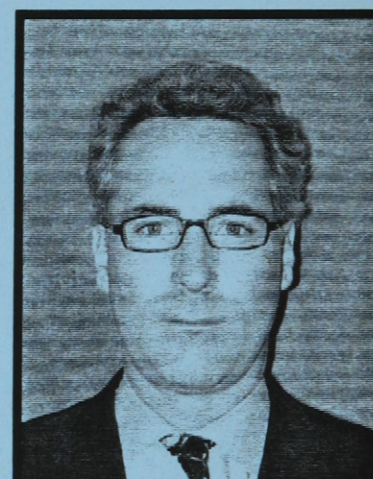
o u r s p e a k e r s



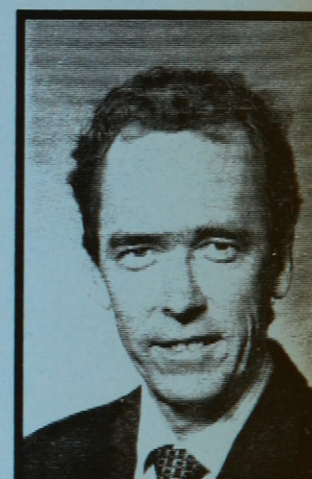
Sunny Handa



Peter Villani



Louis-François Hogue



Peter Kirby

n e w t e c h n o l o g i e s
e • c o m m e r c e

n e w m e d i a
i n t e r n a t i o n a l t r a d e

November 1st, 2000

McGill University - Moot Court

12:00 pm to 2:00 pm

A lunch will be served